

MERRIMACK MAGAZINE

AND

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

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[No. 42.]



BENEVOLENCE OF MONTESQUIEU.

A YOUNG man, named Robert, sat alone in his boat, in the harbour of Marseilles. A stranger had stepped in and taken his seat near him, but quickly rose again, observing that, as the master had disappeared, he would take another boat. "This fir, is mine," said Robert, "would you sail with out the harbour?" "I meant only to move about the basin, and enjoy the coolness of this fine evening. But I cannot believe you are a sailor." "Nor am I; yet on Sundays and holidays I act the bargeman, with a view to make up a sum." "What! covetous at your age!—your looks had almost prepossessed me in your favour." "Alas! fir, did you know my situation, you would not blame me."—"Well, perhaps I am mistaken: let us take our little cruise of pleasure, and acquaint me with your history."—The stranger having resumed his seat, the dialogue proceeded thus: "I perceive, young man, you are sad; what grieves you thus?" "My father, fir, groans in fetters, and I cannot ransom him. He earned a livelihood by petty brokerage, but, in an evil hour, embarked for Smyrna, to superintend in person the delivery of a cargo, in which he had a concern. The vessel was captured by a Barbary corsair, and my father was conducted to Tetuan, where he is now a slave. They refuse to let him go for less than 2000 crowns, a sum which far exceeds our scanty means. However, we do our best: my mother and sisters work hard day and night, I ply hard at my stated occupation of a journeyman jeweller, and, as you perceive, make the most I can of Sundays and holidays. I had resolved to put myself in my father's stead, but my mother, apprized of my design, and dreading the double privation of a husband and an only son, requested the Levant captains to refuse me a passage." "Pray, do you ever hear from your father? Under what name does he pass? or what is his master's address?" "His master is overseer of the royal gardens at Fez, and my father's name

is Robert at Tetuan, as at Marseilles." "Robert—overseer of the royal gardens?" "Yes, fir." "I am touched with your misfortunes, but will venture to predict their termination."

Night drew on apace. The unknown, upon landing, thrust into young Robert's hand, a purse containing eight double louis d'ors, with ten crowns in silver, and instantly disappeared.

Six weeks had passed since this adventure, and each returning sun bore witness to the unremitting exertions of the good family. As they sat one day at their unsavory meal of bread and dried almonds, old Robert entered the apartment in a garb little suited to a fugitive prisoner, tenderly embraced his wife and children, and thanked them with tears of gratitude for the fifty louis they had caused to be remitted to him on his sailing from Tetuan, his free passage, and a comfortable supply of wearing apparel. His astonished relatives eyed one another in silence. At length Madame Robert, suspecting her son had secretly concerted the whole plan, recounted the various instances of his zeal. "Six thousand livres," continued she, "is the sum we wanted, and we had already procured somewhat more than half, owing chiefly to his industry. Some friends, no doubt, have assisted him upon an emergency like the present." A gloomy suggestion crossed the father's mind. Turning suddenly to his son, and eyeing him with the sternness of distraction; "unfortunate boy," exclaimed he, "what have you done? How can I be indebted to you for my freedom, and not regret it? How could you effect my ransom without your mother's knowledge, unless at the expense of virtue? I tremble at the thought of filial affection having betrayed you into guilt. Tell the truth at once—and let us all die, if you have forfeited your integrity."—"Calm your apprehensions, my dearest father," cried the son, embracing him; "no, I am not unworthy of such a parent, though fortune has denied me the satisfaction of proving the full strength of my attachment. I am not your deliverer, but I know who is. Recollect, mother, the unknown gentleman, who gave me the purse. He was particular in his enquiries. Should I pass my whole life in the pursuit, I must endeavor to meet him, and invite

him to contemplate the fruits of his beneficence." He then related to his father all that had passed in the pleasure boat, and removed every suspicion.

Restored to the bosom of his family, Robert again partook of their joys, prospered in his dealings, and saw his children comfortably established. At last, on a Sunday morning, as his son sauntered on the quay, he recognized his benefactor, clasped his knees, and entreated him, as his guardian angel, as the savior of a father and a family, to share the happiness of his own creation. The stranger again disappeared in the crowd—but, reader, this stranger was Montesquieu.

ON FEMALE BENEVOLENCE.

NATURE is equally indulgent to every rank in life. As, in her vegetable kingdom, she has kindly made the sweetest of flowers the most common; so, in the moral world, she has placed the lovely virtue which conduces most to human happiness, equally within the reach and cultivation of the rich and the poor.

Benevolence may be considered as the rose, which is found as beautiful and as fragrant in the narrow border of the cottager, as in the ample and magnificent garden of the noble.

Charity is a theme on which the sublimest spirits have often and ably discoursed. Many admirable things have been written on this lovely president of the angelic virtues.—That generous compassion, which interests the heart in the misfortune of others, is more particularly the portion of women. Every thing inclines them to generosity and pity. Their delicate senses revolt at the presence of distress and pain. Objects of misery and aversion discompose the soft indulgence of their minds. Their souls are more hurt by images of sorrow and of spleen, than tormented by their own sensibility; they must therefore be very anxious to afford relief. They possess, besides, in a high degree, that instinctive feeling, which operates without reasoning; and they often *relieve*, while men *deliberate*. Their benevolence is perhaps less rational, but it is more active; it is also more attentive, and more tender. What woman has ever been wanting in commiseration to the unfortunate?

From the Anthology.

DR. AIKIN.

It was said by Aikin of the late Dr. Enfield, that he was perfect master of what may be called the *middle style*. If any living author may claim the honour of succeeding to this character it is Aikin himself. His "letters to his son" should be in the hands of every young man, upon his entrance into the world, in preference to Little's poems; and his "letters to a young lady upon a course of English poetry" are worth at least as much as any bonnet in Cornhill. There is a chasteness of sentiment, a susceptibility of poetical beauty, a coolness of decision, and a liberality of mind discovered in every line of this engaging writer, which show the influence of literature on a mind, which perhaps bears no very original stamp, but is solid enough to take a polish, and pure enough to reflect rays of genius, and of taste.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

MAN is a restless being. He is constantly grasping after wealth and power, vainly imagining that these constitute the basis of human felicity.—He thinks, that while in possession of worldly honor, he cannot but be happy. This is delusion. There is a small portion of pure happiness enjoyed in this world. The most prosperous scenes of life, are not without alloy. Solomon partook of all the luxuries of the East. He sought for happiness in the enjoyment of worldly pleasures, but found they were not permanent, and declared, 'that all was vanity.' In the morning of life we look forward to scenes of future bliss. But when we arrive at manhood, cares and toils crowd on us in constant succession. The tender buds of hope are nipped by the killing frost of disappointment. The path which we supposed smooth and easy, is often obstructed by thorny hedges and ragged cliffs. The fanciful visions of youthful expectation, are dissolved by the touch of real life. We find the world stored with fewer enjoyments than we imagined. How transitory the dearest possessions and purest joys this world can bestow! How often do we see fathers and mothers deprived of their tender offspring, or children left without parental aid. We often behold the eyes of a disconsolate husband, moistened with tears, for the loss of a beautiful and amiable wife. The groans of the afflicted widow often assail us. She mourns the loss of an affectionate husband, whose arms can no longer afford her protection, and whose ear cannot listen to her plaintive strains. That breast, which contained the purest love and noblest sentiments, is mouldering to dust. What a solemn scene! Our friends moved to a land of darkness,

and we left to prosecute our journey. Old age advances with rapid strides, attended with disease, destitute of enjoyment, the friends of our youth no more, and nothing remaining but for death to end our sorrow. The king of terrors will not appear formidable if we are prepared for our exit.

In the grave there is rest. The mansions of the dead are peaceful, and the cares of life are at an end. Passion disturbs not, neither can ambition interrupt. The corroding hand of envy and the tongue of slander, trouble not the repose of the inhabitant of the tomb. The most profound silence reigns there. Yet it is instructive. It is eloquent. It teaches us to number our days and to apply our hearts to wisdom.

ON ENCOURAGING EMULATION IN CHILDREN.

It is best to speak the plain truth; to give to all their due share of affection and applause; at the same time we should avoid blaming one child at the moment when we praise another: we should never put our pupils in contrast with one another; nor yet should we deceive them as to their respective excellencies and defects. Our comparison should rather be made between what the pupil *has been*, and what *he is*; than between what *he is*, and what *another is not*.—By this style of praise, we may induce children to become emulous of their former selves, instead of being envious of their competitors.—Without deceit or affectation, we may also take care to associate general pleasure in a family with particular commendations; thus, if one boy is remarkable for *prudence*, and another for *generosity*, we should not praise the generosity of the one at the expense of the prudence of the other; but we should give to each virtue its just measure of applause. If one girl sings, and another draws remarkably well, we may shew that we are pleased with both agreeable accomplishments, without bringing them into comparison.—With the precautions which have been mentioned, we may hope to see our children grow up in real friendship together. The whole sum of their pleasures is increased and confirmed by mutual sympathy and esteem.

ON DRESS.

NUMEROUS are the improprieties in dress committed by those who are fond of making a figure upon the strength of their money. They imagine (but how grossly are they mistaken!) that they may, without being chargeable with the least absurdity, appear in lace and embroidery merely because they can afford to, decorate their persons with them; little, or, indeed, not at all considering that *wealth alone* will not

secure its possessors a reputable reception in the polite world; the world in which they ardently wish, and studiously endeavour to *shine*, if it is evident from their looks, their conversation, or their behaviour, that they have been raised by fortune, like mushrooms, from the lowest spheres in life, and that they are entirely unacquainted with the *ton* in every respect.

ON PRAISE.

THE praise bestowed upon merit is the most soothing self-adulation, whether we refer to life or literature: in the former, we intimate our own virtuous inclinations, by the admiration and esteem which we profess for virtue; in the latter, we proclaim our taste, when we express the satisfaction we receive from any production of genius. It is sufficient proof of the share which vanity has in the homage paid to worth or talents, that half our pleasure vanishes, if we are deprived of the means of communicating our sensations.

RULES FOR TRAVELLING IN A STAGE-COACH.

1. LET every man get in first, with all his baggage, and take the best seat, and sit there firmly, let who will get in; and if any other one complains that the trunk is too large for the inside, let him declare that it contains great value—that he has the promise of its being an inside passenger, and that it shall not go out.
2. At every town, let every man light his segar, and continue smoking in the face of his fellow-travellers, and cursing the driver, during each stage; then let him light his segar again.
3. If any thing is said about the general government, let every man take his segar from his mouth, blow out a volume of smoke, and then curse the President, whether Adams or Jefferson; then let him put in his segar, and, in successive operations of this kind, let him curse each head of department, and the attorney and post-master-generals; and if this does not exhaust the segar, let him curse on; and if the segar should fail before he has done, let him get out and light another. This should be done without any regard to the other persons in the stage, whether they be friends of the general government or not; for every man who pays his money for riding, is absolved from all other charges; and he who rides in a stage with four wheels and four horses, knows enough, and is great enough to decide on all national questions; and the younger he is, the better prepared for the work.
4. If ladies are in the stage, *double entendres* are very convenient.
5. On stopping for the night, let every man repair to the bed chambers, and secure

CASH, and the highest price,
given for RAGS, at the Post-Office.

THE FATHER :

Or, AMERICAN SHANDYISM.

A COMEDY—IN FIVE ACTS.

ACT II.—IN CONTINUATION.

Enter Ranter and Mrs. Racket, as from the street.

Ran. Ha! ha! ha! old crablick has attacked the widow—ha! ha! ha! my dear Mrs. Racket, this is a good one, faith—ha, ha, ha—'I would at least have shut the door,'—ha, ha, ha!

(Colonel stands amazed and confused.)

Wid. Puppy!

Ran. Madam, if a man was to say that—

Col. *(aloud)* Puppy! *(the Col. walks by him, contemptuously repeating)* puppy, puppy. *[Exit.]*

Ran. This must be answered, dam'ne—

Mrs. R. *(holding him)* Oh! Captain Ray—there will be blood shed—for heaven's sake—Wid. Let him go, Madam, he can take care of himself—a prudent gentleman. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. R. Oh! don't go, Captain.

Ran. Madam, my honour, my injured honour!—but your commands, Madam, and his age protect him.

Enter Racket.

Rack. What's the matter Ranter? Nothing but quarrelling to-day! you and the Col. can't agree.

Mrs. R. Why, my dear Mr. Racket, the Colonel is so intolerably quarrelsome—the Captain did but laugh at him a little, and he was in such a passion.

Ran. Upon my word, we found the old blade squeezing your aunt's withered fist—ha, ha, ha! 'twas too ridiculous, faith.

Enter Doctor Quiescent.

Qui. Oh, Racket, how do do?

Rack. My dear Quizzzy, how goes it?—Ranter, this is my friend, Dr. Quiescent—Doctor, this is Capt. Ranter, just arrived in the last packet from Halifax.

Qui. How do do, Sir? I'm very glad to see you indeed.—Racket—this way—here—just come from sea?—Does he want me think?

Rack. Ha, ha! Oh no, I believe not, ha, ha, ha!

Qui. Servant, Ma'am—fine weather! ha?—a little rainy, but that's good for the country.—A fine season for colds and coughs—Oh! Racket, my dear fellow, I heard that you had been precipitated from a considerable elevation, and had fractured the *os parietalia*.

Rack. I tumbled from a cow's back, and broke my nose.

Qui. You, by the precipitation, have caused an incision in the *occipito frontalis*. Ay, ay! I was called to a curious case last evening—Rack. *(aside)* Then I'm off—*(while the Doctor is speaking, Racket goes out—Ranter and Mrs. Racket retire back laughing.)*

Qui. Pretty late—very dark—monstrous dark—curled cold—monstrous cold indeed; very often the case with us, call'd up at all times and seasons; us'd to be so at St. Thomas's, when I was a student; called up one night to a pauper that had his skull most elegantly fractured, his leg most beautifully broke, and the finest dislocation of a shoulder I ever saw; but I soon bro't about a concatenation of all the bones—*(sees them)* Oh! oh! you are there are you! I tho't you was by me here—ha! ha! ha!—so you see, Madam—as I was saying—you see, Madam—I—*(follows them talking.)*

*Re-enter Racket.*Rack. *(aside)* So the Doctor's at it yet. *(They advance.)*

Qui. Thus you see, Racket, the bone was adroit, and the patient brought to a perfectly quiescent state. Nothing like tartar emetic—

Ran. Ay, Doctor, you must gain great credit by that cure.

Qui. Why, Sir, they do begin to find me out.

Rack. *(aside)* Yes, I believe you are smoked.

Qui. I will assure you I have a pretty practice, considering the partiality that the people of this country have to old women's prescriptions—hoar hound, cabbage leaves, robin run-away, dandy grey ruffet, and the like. A young man of ever so liberal and scientific an education, can hardly make himself known.

Mrs. R. But you have made yourself known, doctor.

Qui. Why, yes, Ma'am, I found there was but two methods of gaining reputation made use of by our physicians, so, for fear of taking the wrong, I took both.

Mrs. R. What are they, doctor?

Qui. Writing for the newspapers, or challenging and caning all the rest of the faculty. Racket, did I tell you of the child that broke his—

Rack. Yes, yes—Oh, ay, you told me that—

Qui. There is a West India gentleman who has a curst chachetic habit, who I—

Rack. Ay, ay, so he has; but Doctor—how stands your affair with Miss Gingham? Almost married I suppose, ha?

Qui. My landlady is a clever old woman—

Rack. Ay, but you don't think of marrying her.

Qui. Ha, ha, ha! no—good—good—but poor woman, she is very much afflicted—

Rack. Ay, ay; but Miss Gingham—

Qui. Poh, poh, poh, what's Miss Gingham to my landlady's case—as I was saying, I prescribed three grains—

Rack. But Miss Gingham—

Qui. Why damn Miss Gingham! I'm off with her: There is a fracture in our concatenation—Racket—she required too much attention—more than a philosophically scientific mind can bestow upon a woman. I paid my visits at her house three weeks, and then I asked her if she would have me.

Mrs. R. Well, Doctor, and what did she say?

Qui. Nothing.

Ran. Nothing! ha, ha, ha!

Qui. She laugh'd.

Rack. Ha, ha, ha! She did, ha! Well, and what did you say?

Qui. "Damn me, Miss," says I, "B," and I swore "I will never come into your father's house again."—I am very glad she did not take me at my word, Racket, for I am most immoderately enamoured of your sister. She is in I suppose—I will look, for I have something to impart of consequence—Captain, your servant—Madam, your's—good bye, Racket—with your permission—good bye. *[Exit.]*

Ran. He is a quercity, by all that's quizzish!

Rack. That Sir, is a travelled American, who has been gaining knowledge, in England, Scotland, France and Italy; but most unfortunately cannot prevail upon any two ideas to become acquainted with each other. His head is New-york, on May day, all the furniture wandering.

Re-enter Quiescent.

Qui. Racket, I want to tell you—

Mrs. R. Could not you find my sister?

Qui. I want to tell you, Madam, of a monstrous mortification—

Rack. Poh! nonsense; is Caroline at home?

Qui. Who?—Oh! ah!—I don't know—I'll tell ye—I had half attended to the supreme height of your staircase, when I recollected, or rather happened to think, that I have not told you of an affair that happened last night. I told you that I employ'd an artist, commonly called a sign painter, to delineate my name upon a painted board, to put over my door: Well, Sir! it was performed: Look'd very well too—very well, I will assure you. "Doctor Quiescent," gold characters: Well designated: This striking the organ of vision, denoted my place of residence; ha! good! wasn't it? I got a case of polypusses by it immediately.

Ran. Pray, Sir, what kind of instruments are they?

Qui. Instruments! Oh my dear fellow, learn grammar. Polypusses are—

Rack. Nay, but Doctor, the sign.

Qui. Ay: right: good: so, Sir—ay—it was put up—ay—I think I told you it was painted: Well, Sir, last night—I will assure you it look'd very well, fine large letters—well, Sir, the last night some body or other took it down, and nail'd it over a duck coop; "Doctor Quiescent," says the gold letters—"Quack, Quack, Quack," says the ducks: 'twas illiberal, curst illiberal—what a beautiful fracture of the *os femoris* I saw this morning—the upper portion of the bone—

Enter Susannah.

Suf. Ma'am, Ma'am, Mrs. Bounce Flobby wants you to go a hopping with her.

Mrs. R. Shopping, I suppose you mean.

Suf. Nan! I guess she did mean so, for the nation knows she doesn't look much like hopping, I guess.

Mrs. R. Now we shall overturn every shop in William-street—alons! *(the Doctor and Captain officiously wait upon her out.)*

Rack. Sufy, you must not forget what you are to do for me this evening.

Suf. Law souls! I protest I can't think, nor guess nither, what you want to dress yourself in Madam's clothes for, not I: But I vow you sha'n't put them on in my room, no more you sha'n't: You may frolic in Mistress's room, but you sha'n't frolic in mine, no more you sha'n't.

Rack. Well, well, but you must dress ne—I don't know how to dress myself—

Suf. If you wont squeeze me so as you did last night, when I let you in with your face all bloody and muddy:—I guess you have got some mischief in you, I guess you have.

Rack. Me! my pretty Susan! if you did but know how I love you, you would not think I could harm ye—*(throws his arm around her.)* Well then, Susan, as soon as it grows dark, get the clothes, and we will go to your Mistress's chamber, there is no fear but she will be out, and then, Sufy—

Re-enter Quiescent. (Racket disengages himself.)

Qui. So, Racket, the upper portion of the bone being very much shattered, I had recourse to—

Rack. Excuse me—internal puppy. *[Exit.]*Qui. So, Mrs. Susannah, the upper portion of the *os femoris*—

Suf. Mr. Doctor, I don't understand being call'd names, no more I don't; I wonder folks a'n't ashamed to swear as you do—I wont be call'd *feminine* ex by any body, no more I wont—it shows your breeding—*feminine* ox! law souls! *[Exit.]*

Quiescent alone.

She don't understand grammar. It was a singular case. I'll publish it in Child's. No it deserves to be longer lived than a newsp. per. I will transcribe it, correct it, and commit it to the Editor of the American Magazine.

(End of 2d Act.)

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1806.

[No. 43.]



From the Dartmouth Gazette.

RELIGION.

"HER WAYS ARE PLEASANTNESS."

THE Gloominess of Religion is one principal objection made to it by its opposers. Unable to find fault with its sublime doctrines, and convinced of its truth; yet, chusing to neglect them, they raise objections equally frivolous and absurd. They acknowledge it to be the pearl of inestimable value, the one thing necessary, in the apathy of age, or the pains and agonies of a death bed. But while health flows in every vein; while sensual pleasure invites with ten thousand alluring charms; while honors rise in increasing prospect; how weak the man, who can exclude himself from them all in the dreary vale of repentance, and devote himself to dull unprofitable devotion.

How superstitious! How enthusiastic! This is the language of thousands, who, did they "know themselves," would perhaps discover they do not wish to find any pleasantness in her wisdom; that to them she seems deformed, only because they desire not to discover her beauties. But either these objectors mistake, or the "wisest of men" has made a false assertion.

It is plain he means in this passage, heavenly wisdom, or religion; for the whole of his writings declare, from the experience of his whole life, that all beneath the sun is vanity." It may be useful to consider some of the particulars which render wisdom pleasant; and to this purpose we will pursue the simile of the "way," and consider the wise man as a traveller. Health, agreeable companions, pleasant weather, good entertainment, a desirable object to be obtained at the end of his toils, are some of the circumstances which cheer a weary traveller on his way and render his journey pleasant. The way to heaven, if entered upon with resolution, proffers these things to animate the Christian. Has a traveller health? Does the crimson tide from the "source of life" flow through all his frame, and give him strength and vigor? The devotee of wisdom has a principle of new life in his soul. A portion of that spirit which pervades heaven, has taken its residence within him, diffusing spiritual life through the whole man. Is a traveller's pleasure heightened by agreeable companions? The sojourner to Zion has pleasure in the company of those, who like him, are earnestly seeking "another and better country." But though his fellow mortals should refuse to join him, and take another "way;" still he retains his best companions. An unguiled conscience is more entertainment to him than all the companions of the dis-

solate; he leans on his saviour, his almighty friend.

Does a fair sun exhilarate the spirits of the way-worn traveller, and add new beauty to every surrounding object? The countenance of his God is the believer's sun. This gives a new appearance to the things of time, and makes them, in some measure, subservient to the happiness of a rational mind. This sun, it is true, is sometimes obscured by clouds; but it is the believer's joy to reflect that it will again break out, and shine with redoubled lustre. Many indeed are the storms of life. But even in the severest, there is hope, there is joy. When the smiles of heaven seem turned to frowns: "when lovers and friends are removed from us; even then the true follower of wisdom can" see the hand of a father amidst the chastisings of his God. Let him who laughs at the gloominess of Religion, tell us, what sun thus irradiates his way; what dispels the clouds of adversity which hang threatening over him. Does good entertainment render a journey agreeable? He who sets his face towards Jerusalem has food to eat which the world cannot afford. It is provided by his heavenly master; it is "such as saints in glory love, and such as angels eat;" it is the contemplation of Deity; it is love to God. Are travellers animated in their journey by the prospect of its happy termination? "Eye has not seen, ear has never heard," what joys are reserved for those who are hastening in the narrow way to life. Nothing need be said to prove the truth of these observations. The nature of the objects which attract the attention of wisdom's votaries, and the eternal duration of the rewards, shew to every candid mind "the ways of wisdom are indeed pleasant; that all her paths are peace."

Communicated for the Magazine.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

We travel through a barren land,
With dangers thick on every hand,
But Jesus guides us through the vale—
The christian's HOPE can never fail.

Huge sorrows meet us as we go,
And devils aim our overthrow;
But vile infernals can't prevail—
The christian's HOPE shall never fail.

Sometimes we're tempted to despair,
But Jesus makes us then his care;
Though devils may our souls assail,
The christian's HOPE shall never fail.

We trust upon the sacred word,
The oath and promise of our Lord,
And safely through each tempest sail—
The christian's HOPE can never fail.

INGENUITY AND SPIRIT OF AN INDIAN PRINCESS.

From Maurice's Modern India.

THE prince of Chitor, who had been a prisoner since the emperor took that place, found in the mean time means to make his escape in a very extraordinary manner.

Alla having heard extravagant things in praise of the beauty and accomplishments of one of the rajah's daughters, told him that if he would send her, he should, upon her account, be released. The rajah, who was very ill treated in his confinement, consented, and sent for his daughter, with a manifest design to prostitute her to the king. The prince's family hearing this dishonorable proposal, concerted means of poisoning the rajah, to save their own reputation. But the daughter being a girl of invention, proposed a stratagem to release her father, and at the same time to preserve her own honor.

She accordingly wrote to her father, to give notice, that she was coming, with all her attendants, and would be at Delhi on a certain day, acquainting him with the part she intended to act. Her contrivance was this:

She selected a number of enterprising fellows, who, in complete armour, concealed themselves in doolies, or close chairs, in which the women are always carried; she provided for them a chosen retinue of horse and foot, as customary to guard ladies of rank. She herself, by this time, had, by her father's means, received the imperial passport, and the whole cavalcade proceeded to Delhi, and were admitted without interruption. It was now night, and by the king's order, they were permitted to see the rajah. The chairs being carried into the prison, and the attendants having taken their stations without; the armed men started out of their chairs, and putting all to the sword within the courts, carried the rajah out, having horses provided for him, he mounted, and, with his attendants rushed out of the city before any opposition could be made, and fled to his own country.

REMARK.—The main of life is composed of small incidents and petty occurrences, of withers for objects not remote, and grief for disappointments of no fatal consequence: of insect vexations, which sting us and fly away; and imperinencies which buzz awhile about us, and are heard no more. Thus a few pains, and a few pleasures, are all materials of human life; and of these the proportions are partly allotted by Providence, and partly left to the arrangement of reason and choice.

Self-acquaintance will show us what part in life we ought to act—so the knowledge of that will show us whom we ought to imitate, and wherein. We are not to take examples of conduct from those who have a very different part assigned them from ours, unless in things which are universally ornamental and exemplary.

THE FATHER :
Or, AMERICAN SHANDYISM.
A COMEDY—IN FIVE ACTS.
IN CONTINUATION.

ACT III.

Miss Felton alone.

WEEK after week has flown, and not a word from Henry;—I am strangely, uncommonly agitated;—if he is false—false! forgive me Henry; no! some cruel accident—death, perhaps!—the ring—let me fly these thoughts, there's mischief in them. Nought can afford a moment's respite but music, heavenly art. Oh matchless power of passion stilling sound, when old ocean has been tossed by rude contending winds, 'till having spent their rage, they leave it all convuls'd, and heaving to and fro; then the mild south comes gently stealing from his aromatic isles, and lulls the waves to rest; so music softly steals upon the ear, and calms the woe worn mind—(sings)

SONG.

Cease, still'er cease, nor rend my breast,
Nor thus my sorrows move;
Soon will he come, and with him rest,
And peace, and joy, and love.
Or if to heaven his spirit flies,
Forced by restless fate;
I'll soar aloft, and cleave the skies,
We'll meet at heaven's bright gate.—

Enter Col. Duncan.

Col. Caroline, who is that young man in black that I see about the house, continually chattering to all he meets.

Miss F. That, sir, is Doctor Quiescent, a young physician of Rhode-Island, who has studied in Europe; he supposes himself an admirer of mine, and pesters me accordingly—

Col. But the insolence of that Ranter exceeds belief, that he should pretend to you, my Caroline—

Miss F. Yes, Sir, and swears his attentions to my sister, are only designed to make his visits here more easy, by flattering her vanity; begs I would not discover his passion for me, as that would deprive him of the easy access he has to my conversation—

Col. Familiar puppy!

Miss F. Thus, Sir, I am continually persecuted, while my sister and Mr. Racket are driving down a precipice into a gulph of poverty, misery, and reproach—

Col. My good girl, they shall be saved, and you rid of the troublesome addresses of those foxcombs: But tell me Caroline, is this all? Is there no other grief lurking in your breast, dimming the lustre of those eyes, whose sparkling once cheered your old fond father, and sucking the blood from those cheeks, which by long disuse, have almost lost their dimples? Lay your breast open to me, that I may drag the traitor from his lurking place; or if too firmly fixed, may share the sorrows of my heart's darling.

Miss F. Sir, your goodness is too much; you have always wished me, since the death of your friend, my father, to look upon, to call you by that tender name: Indeed Sir, you have made me love you as such.

Col. I once might have hoped to call you my daughter—but no more of that—

Miss F. Sir!

Col. What, my child? I beg pardon my dear, I was lost—proceed—

Miss F. Did you say a right to call me daughter?

Col. I did; you are now the only one I have to call my child: My old limbs are weary, let us sit, (they sit.) I will not trouble you with the story of an old man's sorrows.

Miss F. If I am worthy of your confidence?

Col. You are, and since I ask the secrets of your heart, it is but just you should know the man in whom you confide.

Miss F. On that principle do not speak, I fear not to repose confidence in the friend of the orphan, the champion of virtue and religion: I only ask it as a proof of love.

Col. Then listen my child to what no mortal ear has ever heard; five and twenty years have passed since it pleased heaven to take from these widowed arms, a woman, who was then what you now are; lovely, virtuous, and affectionate. When I was married, I was a student of physic at the university of Edinburgh, and the lady being left destitute, by means too tedious to relate, I dared not to inform my friends of my marriage; but supported her privately out of the allowance I had for my own subsistence. It pleased heaven to bless us with a son; but soon after his birth, his mother fell sick and died. Sickness and death obliged me to draw for more money than my friends thought necessary; and not daring to declare the truth, I was ordered home—now what to do with the infant, who, for his mother's sake, I loved dearer than life. I had formed a strict friendship with an officer of fortune, when stationed at Edinburgh; he knew all, and insisted on my leaving the unfortunate boy with him, to be educated as his own, till time permitted to discover the marriage.

Miss F. And could you leave the little innocent?

Col. Prudence demanded that I should; I was poor, dependent on relations. After my return, these reasons prevented my owning the boy, whilst I constantly heard from my friend, of his improvement and good qualities, so that I longed to see and contemplate the image of his much loved mother. At the commencement of the dispute between America and Britain, my friend was ordered with his regiment to this country, and brought my son with him, having previous to any sign of such quarrel, procured an ensign's commission in the regiment he himself belonged to; while I joined my country's banner, and drew my sword in opposition to my friend and child, now a youth of near fifteen years of age.

Miss F. Alas! how many kindred souls were thus divided!

Col. My affairs being now made easy by the death of relations, and the acquisition of a large estate, I wrote to my friend, and desired him to send my son, but I suppose he never received my letter, and I heard no more till I saw their names in the long list of the slain at Bunker's-hill—pardon me, my heart is full—(they rise)—pardon my weakness; the remembrance of former scenes have quite unmanned me; I cannot now attend to your tale; after dinner I will meet you here to learn your case of sorrow. [Exit.]

Miss Felton alone.

Alas! and even this good man has had his share of woe—then must not I complain. If thus, as in this gallant soldier, the lessons of affliction can ripen the soul to humanity, who will say the decrees of providence are unfearable or unjust. [Exit.]

Enter Susannah and Cartridge.

Car. So Mrs. Sufy, out of my mother's old boots I form all my field pieces. I have made two this morning; I only want aprons to cover the breeches.

Suf. Goody gracious, Mr. Cartridge, I guess you hadn't better not talk to me of such things, I guess you hadn't.

Car. Why! What?

Suf. Ay now, you only want me to say so I guess, but I won't though.

Car. I do not altogether understand you Mrs. Sufy, but to go on; I shall make a finish of the ravalin in a day or two, and then—

Suf. Law, why if you had ax't me I could have given you plenty of ravalins; I unravelled the best part of two worsted stockings just now.

Car. Oh, I mean a half moon, a salient angle.

Suf. Well, you know what you mean, may be,

but I am sure I don't; I had rather hear you talk about the Colonel; law souls, what a good gentleman he is, Mr. Cartridge.

Car. Good, ay, that he is! Oh if you did but know him, Mrs. Sufy; I have known him brush away the musquite that bit him with his handkerchief, thus—"I can forgive thee," says he, thou actest up to thy nature; but when man stings I punish, for disgracing his godlike reason." He will not let any body that has to do with him, kill any toads and such things, for he says they are not only harmless, but useful.

Suf. Oh mercy! not kill toads?—Oh my goody gracious man!

Car. Oh, it does my heart good to see him in the winter lay the shovel and tongs from the backlog to the hearth, to make bridges for the escape of the poor creatures that the cold had driven into the wood for shelter, such as most people brush into the flames; and I can assure you, Mrs. Sufy, he is not one of those, who, while they weep for the fate of a fly, a sparrow, or a kitten, will turn a deaf ear to the plaints of the widow and orphan: No! no Mrs. Sufy, he saves from sorrow all that fall in his way, the man as well as the insect.

Suf. Well I declare and protest I like to hear you talk; you know grammar, as the doctor says.

Car. Not much of that, Mrs. Sufy, I had the benefit of a country school, and since I have been with his honour I have read for him, and under his instructions; when his honour was wounded, I used to set by his bed-side and read to him his favourite stories out of *Tristram Shandy*, till he forgot his long confinement, and his pain, the tears trickled down his cheeks for poor LeFevre and his boy, and like Captain Shandy, he would say, "Cartridge, I wish I was asleep."

Suf. How a body could love such a gentleman.

Car. Well, Mrs. Sufy, they say "like master like man," ha! I am a tough bit of hickory, well seasoned and fit for service; my face is the oldest part about me, Mrs. Sufy.

Suf. Law, Mr. Cartridge.

Enter Jacob.

J. Susan, der is de cook vaunts you; I wish you'd git into de kitchen and mind your own pifness.

Suf. Well, I guess that's nothing to you, you furry Dutch hog you. [Exit.]

Car. Brother soldier, when you speak to a woman always remember that you are a man.

J. Vaut? I don't know vaut you say—

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—♦♦♦—

FEMALE HEROISM.

A CHINESE emperor, pursued by the victorious forces of a patriot of inferior rank, to extricate himself, had recourse to the principle of filial duty and reverence, carried in China to a superstitious excess. An officer, with a drawn sabre in his hand, was dispatched to the mother of the victor, with a command from the emperor, on pain of death, to order her son to disband his troops. Disdainfully smiling, the intrepid matron replied, "Doth thy master believe that I am ignorant of the tacit, but sacred, convention between the people and their sovereign, by which the master is bound to render happy the servant who obeys? It is the emperor who has first violated this treaty—and thou, vile tool of a tyrant, learn, in such a case, from a WOMAN, what is due to thy country." Then, snatching from his hand the weapon, she plunged it in her breast. "Slave!" said

the, as the blood flowed from the wound, "if thou hast still any virtue, carry this poignard to my son. Tell him to revenge the nation, and punish the usurper. He has now no caution to use on account of his mother—he is at liberty to be virtuous."

Communications.

"Hither the products of your closet-labors bring,
"Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind."

For the Merrimack Magazine.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

If you think the following Selection worthy a place in your useful Magazine, please to insert it, and thereby oblige your friend—

AMANDA.

EDWIN AND LUCY.

A TALE.

EDWARD and Lucy were lately united in the bands of wedlock—As they were formed to make each other happy, and their tender bosoms had long glowed with a mutual flame of affection, founded on the most refined and lasting principles, it will be natural to suppose that they enjoy a superior felicity. Ambition is a stranger to their breasts; blessed with a competency, they neither envy the affluent, nor despise the indigent: but retired from the busy metropolis, spend their golden time in the participation of those joys, which innocence, benevolence and rural scenes inspire. When the bright regent of light, wakes Aurora from nocturnal slumbers, they open the day with a contemplative walk, and sip the balmy morning air; and when the day declines, constantly perform the same health giving exercise. Methinks I see the amiable pair, traversing the verdant scene. Lucy's fine azure eye sparkling with mental delight, while her beloved Edward moralizes on the beauties of the opening spring. "How swift in their career, are the alternate seasons!" says he; "Winter no longer retains his iron sway, hail, frost, and snow, his gloomy retinue, all retire before the warmer influences of Sol's refulgent beams. The blooming season, when creation seems to awake, is now revolved again. The enamelled meads are covered with a verdant carpet—the meandering streams, released from their icy fetters, wander through the vales.—A golden gleam gilds the sloping hills, while the flowery plains diffuse their pleasing scents, and grateful salute the eye—the forests and the waving groves resume their gay vestures, and spread their friendly foliage to form a retreat from the piercing noontide ray.—The warbling songsters melodiate the ambient air, and hover in the balmy zephyr, their melting harmony soothes the ravished ear, and calms the stormy breast! Lovely birds! emblems of innocence and love. May we learn of you contentment

and cheerfulness! For us, my Lucy, the face of nature revives, and spreads her ample stores. How benign, how beneficent is our Almighty creator! How innumerable the blessings which crown each moment of our existence! It is ingratitude that makes any live to misery; perpetual favors demand a constant incense of praise, adoration and love. View my fair, the beauties of this jocund season; trace the all-wise Creator, in the boundless variety of his works, and confess "the hand that made them is divine." We, my Lucy, are now in the spring and morning of life, young, healthy, and active, let us consecrate our powers to the noblest employments, cultivate our minds and sow those seeds of immortality that ripen in the heavenly clime.—The scenes of time are continually shifting, Summer succeeds Winter, and Winter Summer, but

"Not so our youth decay'd,
Alas, nor air, nor sun, nor shade,
The spring of life renew.

"Then happiest they whose lengthed fight
Pursues by virtues constant light
A hope beyond the skies;
Where frowning winter ne'er shall come,
But rosy spring forever bloom,
And suns eternal rise."

For the Merrimack Magazine.

ON TRANQUILITY.

[Selected.]

WHEN the mind has been agonized by heart piercing reflections, how sweet is a moment of calm serenity—all nature assumes a new complexion, the trees wear a more glossy hue, the scent of the rose is more fragrant, and the earth is clothed with a more agreeable verdure—the limpid stream murmurs delightfully along—the extensive river pursues its course, a source of pleasurable advantage, and the broad bosom of the spacious world of waters, is sedately calm—every magnificent building rears its head a seat of hospitality—the neat tenements of industry, strike the view as the pleasing emblems of mediocrity, and each little cottage is the peaceful residence of contentment—in short, every object may be said to take its colouring from the disposition which predominates in the bosom of the observer, and we are either elevated, or depressed, according to the arrangement of our own feelings—surely then it is our interest, as well as duty, assiduously to cultivate a benign, and equal temper, and methinks, if we reflected upon the transient duration of those events, which now so greatly agitate us, it will give us to view with a proper indifference the things of time—under a rational influence, if our spirits are illumined by the smallest ray of light, from the sun of righteousness, we shall be ready to say—*We will no more feed upon husks, we will arise and go to our father.*

Literary Notice.

GREAT SOLAR ECLIPSE.

A PAMPHLET has lately been published in Boston, (and probably will be for sale in this town in the course of next week,) entitled, *DARKNESS AT NOON, or the total Eclipse of the 16th of June, described and represented in every particular.*

On this publication, the Boston Gazette of Thursday last, contains the following commendatory remarks:

"WHILST we cautiously guard against the impositions of scientific mountebanks, it is our duty to cherish the efforts of real genius, whenever they may appear. A little work recently published by D. Carlisle and A. Newell, on the approaching *eclipse of the sun*, is not in a high class of literary productions, is however a useful trait on the elements of astronomy. It develops the principles of eclipses in a familiar manner, and brings down a subject, which is commonly supposed to lie beyond the grasp of ordinary minds, to the apprehension of every sound understanding. The title page is needlessly crowded, and its poetry might have been spared; but we cannot but hope, that the merit of the pamphlet will be discerned and acknowledged, and that the young and ingenious author will reap the reward of his labour, in the patronage of the public."

SOCIETY FOR PROPAGATING THE GOSPEL.

THE Society for propagating the Gospel met in Boston, on the 27th ult. and made choice of the following officers for the ensuing year:

William Phillips, Esq. President.	
Rev. John Lathrop, D.D. Vice-Pref.	
Rev. Jedediah Morse, D.D. Secretary.	
Rev. Abiel Holmes, D.D. Assist. Sec.	
Mr. Samuel H. Walley, Treasurer.	
Rev. John Eliot, D.D. Vice-Treas.	
Mr. Samuel Salisbury,	Select Committee.
Rev. John Eckley, D.D.	
Hon. Dudley A. Tyng, Esq.	
Hon. John Davis, Esq.	
Rev. Jedediah Morse, D.D.	

Married,

In this town, on Monday evening last, Mr. Philip Coombs, to Miss Ann Jewett Morse.
In Newhaven, Mr. Gardner Spring, of Newburyport, to Miss Susan Barney.

Died,

In Marietta, on the 14th ult. Hon. Joseph Gilman, late Judge of the Supreme Court of the North Western Territory, and formerly of Exeter, N. H. aged 68.
In Haverhill, Peter Kuffel, esq. aged 67.
In Portsmouth, Mrs. Marshall, wife of Capt. Nathaniel M.

COTTON YARN,

Of various numbers, for sale by

MOSES KIMBALL, jr. Market-Square.

June 7, 1866.



For the Merrimack Magazine.

ON TIME.

TIME, clip thy wings, nor fly so fast,
Oh bear me not so swiftly o'er,
My boyish days are all now past,
They're gone, and will return no more.

Oh check thy course, and stop awhile,
Nor number quick my youthful days,
While youthful pleasures bless my eyes,
And happy scenes my mind portrays.

But time, swift messenger of speed,
Stops not, but hurries life away;
Month after month and year succeed,
And life grows shorter every day.

The morning beams divinely bright,
But darkens as our noon appears,
Tempest and cloud bring on the night,
And man lies down secure from fears.

But ere tomorrow's sun may dawn,
Death may receive the great command,
And we be summon'd to that bourne
From whence no traveller ere returns.

In youth we wish our time away,
Nor never think it flies too fast,
But in maturer age the days
Of youth we wish were never past.

To value time is truly wise,
Nor spend it as an idle dream,
For its a valuable prize,
Once gone we never can redeem.

Go ask the man who's fool'd away,
His life, his youth, in folly's road;
He'd give the world for one short day,
A day to make his peace with God.

ANGUS.

BYFIELD, June, 1806.

For the Merrimack Magazine.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

By giving the following Ode, taken from an
English publication, a place in your paper, you will oblige,
ALONZA.

A PETER PINDARIC ODE.

As JOAN, one eve, according to the plan
Of many an honest spouse,
Trudg'd to a neighbouring house,
To fetch away her good old man:
She found him, as the story goes,
Sprawling in the street,
With feet

In kennel, taking a comfortable dose.

"What, hallo, JOHN!" the dame now cries,
"You drunken beast, arise!"
At the well known voice, JOHN op'd his eyes;
But,

As the poet says, his sense was shut:
And thinking 'twas a bed, I ween,
And not the street,

He mumbled out, his teeth between,
"Put, put more cloaths upon my feet,
"And take," (the moon shone bright,)
"Take, take away the light."

For the Merrimack Magazine.

ORIGINAL TRANSLATION OF
HORACE, ODE IX, BOOK I.

SEE proud SORACTE rears on high
Its towering summit, crown'd with snow;
The groves beneath their burdens sigh;
The ice bound rivers cease to flow.

Pile high, my friend, the blazing fire,
And warm pale winter's chilly form,
Assuage with wine his kindling ire,
And drown the raging of the storm.

Blest with the joys which wine can give,
A cheerful glass, a blazing hearth,
Resign'd to heaven's decree we'll live,
And pass the hours in harmless mirth.

The winds are hush'd, and ocean's waves
In gentle murmurs sink to rest;
The aged oak no longer braves
The whirlwind's rage with nodding crest.

What though to-morrow's dawn may see
The wide wreck'd forest strew the ground,
To-day, from care and sorrow free,
We'll wake the lyre's enchanting sound.

We now can boast a day is gain'd,
This even wisdom must allow;
Then why must fancy's power be strain'd,
To paint to-morrow's threat'ning brow.

Nor yet, my friend, while youth is thine,
Disdain love's power, his side-long glance,
But haunt the place where beauties shine,
And mingle in the mazy dance.

And oft, at eve's appointed hour,
To amorous whispers lend thine ear,
When zephyrs fan the leafy bower,
And no intrusive spy is near.

For sweet is love's soft whispering voice,
And sweet the nymph's delicious sigh,
They bid the fluttering heart rejoice,
With artless rapture panting high.

And when the nymph, but ill conceal'd
Behind some beach's sheltering rind,
Is by the well feign'd laugh reveal'd,
What pleasures thrill the youthful mind.

Then, ere the hand of age shall shed
Its hoary honours on thy head,
In harmless mirth thy time employ,
And give the present hour to joy.

LYRICUS.

Diversity.

A HASTY OPINION.

A GENTLEMAN on the point of marrying a young lady of considerable fortune, was conversing with her on the subject of Chinese customs. She thought bandaging their female infants feet, to make them small, and thereby rendering them almost cripples, was a very reprehensible custom. The gentleman replied, that it was chiefly done with a view of preventing the Chinese ladies from GADDING too much about; and added, he was of opinion that it was a very wise institution.—"Then sir," cried his *Enamorata*, "a Chinese wife will best suit you.—The match was instantly broke off.

ON PREPOSSESSION.

NOVELTY ever has a tendency to captivate the imagination; and the human mind, like the fabled lover, becomes enamoured with every new featured face and every new toned voice. But reason requires something more than the attractions of novelty to fix her resolutions. She may allure the imagination; but can never alienate the heart. The power of prepossession is too great, ever to be overawed by her delusive charms. An attachment to places, which are designated in our bosoms by the calls of self-interest, or the weighty concerns of our friends; that have been distinguished by scenes of juvenile amusement, mingled with the joys of friendship, while perhaps engaged in the pursuit of science, or preparing for the journey of life; becomes too deeply imprinted, ever to be obliterated; except by the corrosive foot of time. Thus in the undaunted hero the call of his country will rouse the fervor of patriotism; and to the son of science the venerable name of Harvard will ever be the pole-star of his affections. But however happy his situation; however dear these enjoyments; revolving time now commands him from this blest retreat!—Retiring from those haunts of literature, he must bid *adieu* to those occupations, which the charms of juvenile friendship have made sacred in his memory; and which the force of habit has rendered almost essential to his happiness. His companions now quit the banquet of science, and separate over the broad theatre of the world, to act their parts in the great drama of life. The ardor of affection, and the fervor of attachment, must now yield to the commands of necessity; and, allured by the calls of our own interest, of our friends, and our country,

"high in hope,

When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,
We cut our cable; launch into the wide world;
And fondly dream each wind, and star, our friend:
All, in some darling enterprise embarked."

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